

Autumn.



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NEW-YORK.

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AUTUMN.



Manhood—The Autumn of Life.



New-York :

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No. 357, Pearl-street.

1815.

A B C D E F G H
I J K L M N O P
Q R S T U V W
X Y Z.

a b c d e f g h i j
k l m n o p q r s
t u v w x y z.

Æ I O U Y — æ i o u y

b c d f g h j k l m n p q
r s t v w x z.

GATHERING Apples.



Autumn consists of three
Months:

Ninth,	} com- monly called,	{	September,
Tenth,			October,
Eleventh,			November.

Lo! Autumn crowns the year,
The ripen'd fruits abound;
But winter now is near,
With ice and frozen ground.

Autumn, which resembles manhood, or a state of maturity, comes loaded with the choice fruits of the earth, which are bountifully bestowed by the great Creator of the universe, for the use of man and beast, and for which we ought to be forever thankful.

The trees and forest now change their hue, from a bright and lively green to a golden or yellow colour, and the leaves next descend in numbers from the branches, and bestrew the ground : a solemn

Making Cider.



lesson to mortals, for, as sure as they descend to the earth, so shall we.

From the falling of the leaves, this season is denominated Fall.

The rays of the sun now begin to decline ; the feathered tribe, who have cheer-

ed us with their melodious notes, cease their warbling music, and gather in flocks, as it were consulting on their departure, which shortly takes place, for milder climes.

The provident squirrel is careful to lay up his winter store of nuts, and the more industrious bee, who has been assiduously engaged throughout the warm season, in storing her apartments with the rifled sweets of many a flower, still is attentive to glean from the scanty and strag-

Gathering Corn.



gling blossoms which may late appear, a little more of that nourishment which nature and instinct have taught her to prepare for the approaching season.

The cooling and pleasant melon, the delicious

peach, the mellow pear, the sweet scented grape, the purple plum, and many other kinds of choice fruits, with which we have been blest, now take leave of us ; but the more hardy apple finds employ for many hands, in which the little folks have to share. Some are carefully picked and stored for winter ; others, less valuable are conveyed to the mill, as represented in one of the engravings, and made into cider, which is a wholesome and palata-

Load of Corn.



ble liquor, but sometimes it is used too freely.

Much is to be done in this season, to prepare for Winter. The buckwheat must be cut and secured : the corn gathered and carted home ; the stalks cut up to fodder the cattle ; the

potatoes dug, and the turnips pulled and conveyed to the cellar.

The wheat and the rye are now sown. They sprout and grow but little before Winter; but the warmth of next spring and summer brings them to maturity.

The little boys and girls are careful in the Fall, to pick up the chesnuts and walnuts that drop from the trees, to crack and eat on a winter's evening.

Marbles and tops are amongst the plays of child-

FEEDING Hogs and Pigs.



ren in Autumn ; but they should not transform play, which was designed only for amusement, into any kind of a game, in order to win each other's play-things. It is wrong ; for it

not only encourages covetousness, but often stirs up anger and strife.

The sun is far risen above the
old trees,
His beams on the silver dew
play ;
The gossamer tenderly waves in
the breeze,
And the mists are fast rolling
away.
Let us leave the warm bed, and
the pillow of down,
The morning fair bids us arise,
Little boy—for the shadows of
midnight are flown,
And the sun beams peep into
our eyes.

PLAYING
At Marbles,



We'll pass by the garden that
leads to the gate,
But where is its gaiety now ?
The Michaelmas daisy blows
lonely and late,
And the yellow leaf whirls
from the bough.

Last night the glad reapers their
harvest-home sung,
And stor'd the full garner
with grain :

Did you hear how the wood with
their merry shouts rung,
As they bore the last sheaf
from the plain ?

But, hark ! from the wood-lands
the sound of a gun ;
The wounded bird flutters and
dies :

Ah ! surely 'tis wicked for
nothing but fun,
To shoot the poor thing as it
flies.

The timid hare too in affright
and dismay,
Runs swift through the brush-
wood and grass,
How she turns, how she winds,
and she tries ev'ry way,
But the cruel dogs wont let
her pass.

PLAYING At Tops.



Ah ! poor little partridge, and
pheasant and hare ;

I wish they would leave you
to live ;

For my part, I wonder how peo-
ple can bear

To see all the torment they
give.

When renard, at midnight, steals
down to the farm.

And kills the poor chickens
and cocks;

Then rise, Farmer Goodman,
there can be no harm,

In chasing a thief of a Fox.

But the innocent hare, and the
pheasant so sleek,

'Twere cruel and wicked to
slay :

The partridge with blood never
redden'd her beak,

Nor hare stole the poultry a-
way;

If folks would but think of the
torture they give,

To creatures who cannot com-
plain,

I think they would let the poor
animals live,

And seldom go shooting again!



